

# The World

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345,468 WORLDS  
PER DAY.

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

May 7th, 1889.

After a thorough examination of the Circulation Books, Press and Mail Room Reports and Newspaper Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the frequent bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the in-dubitable checks given in payment thereof, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the Month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF THE WORLD.

W. A. CAMP, Manager N. Y. Clearing-House.  
G. D. BALDWIN, President American Loan and T. Co.  
THOS. L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM:

Average Number of Worlds Printed Daily during the Month of March last was

345,468.

Average Number of Worlds Printed Daily during the last Six Months

342,206.

IMPOTENT LAW.

The case of the boy HENRY SHAPIRO develops with every new phase a deeper inquiry on the part of his unlawful detainers. Habeas corpus proceedings brought it before Judge Andrews of the Supreme Court. He had to mournfully avow his powerlessness to grant the release.

Is it credible that an illegal thing cannot be redressed by the law?

Are parents to have their children torn from their arms irrevocably at the caprice of a Society which constitutes itself arbiter of their fates.

The very atmosphere of any American city would blast such tyranny in quick time. But there should be no delay. No stronger argument than this case could be advanced for the bill which THE EVENING WORLD so strongly advocated last year, whereby the authority to rectify such abuses as this was determined.

Can any one doubt the need of that bill in the face of such a case as this?

CRIME CYCLES.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs was shot at in Yokohama. Prince William of Wurtemberg was shot at in Ludwigshafen. Police Commissioner ANDERSON was shot at in Dayton, at the same time. Is there a wave of crime that travels like a seismic throb, making weak men fall into the same iniquities at widely severed points.

The concurrence of several examples of the same class of criminal endeavor, which is seen so frequently, seems to lend support to this theory.

Does epidemic immorality belong to the field of science rather than to that of ethics? Who knows!

ONLY SKIN DEEP.

"Fair Harvard" has been fair enough to elect a negro class orator. The gray of his cerebral region was regarded as more than offset by his black cuticle. Yale has also disdained prejudice against a dusky skin in view of the stout muscles and pluck which it covered. A colored man has been elected one of the football eleven.

Harvard is ahead. Yale chose one kicker, her rival let 124 into the "compus." Cambridge kickers, however, lost their goal. They were outwitted by one. A man is like a book—what makes it good or bad is not the binding.

MUSICAL EDUCATORS.

The Teachers' Musical Association, founded last June, has begun taking lessons in vocal music. The teachers wish to fit themselves to teach their pupils this gracious art.

Such a desire is commendable. Nothing is more refining than music, and the taste for it is almost radical in human nature. It is a study which is highly recreative, and as a relief to severer quests for knowledge will do children in the schools a double service. But no more practical study should be retrenched. This would be to make an evil of what should be an unqualified good.

Two young swells are going to Africa to fight lions. If they down the lions, they will come back lions themselves. If the lions down them, they will become lions, too, in part—African lions. So they will be lionized anyhow.

One of the ferrets set upon the rodents of the White House has not been heard from since he got into a hole. This may mean an unequivocal triumph for the American rat.

Yet the HARRISONS sympathize with the ferret. Baby McKee has not been heard from.

A policeman pursuing a pickpocket in a dark street banged away with his pistol and drove a hot bullet into the abdomen of a perfectly innocent man in the neighborhood. It doesn't seem quite imperative to shoot at random in the dark at a pickpocket. As the result has shown in the present case this policy is poor protection for the citizen. Shoot slow.

To-day, for the first time, this season's League championship pennant was flung to the breeze, and, naturally enough, it floated from the flagstaff of the champion evening newspaper, THE EVENING WORLD.

The Giants and THE EVENING WORLD have won many a fairly fought battle.

Was Pta. Empress of Portugal, thinking of another imperial mother when she kissed her son CARLOS, just declared incumbent of the throne the death of LUIS had vacated, and said: "May I never love the Emperor less than I have loved my son!"

ELLEN TERRY doesn't see why a woman shouldn't smoke if she cares to. Look out, Miss TERRY, or they will think you care to.

SPOTLETS.

"Come and murder me his friendly impulses. 'Come and see me kill a man,' was the cordial invitation of Farmer Dye, of West Virginia, to a neighbor. The neighbor went out and filled another neighbor's chuck full of lead legs.

John Harrison, having no music in his soul, unmercifully slugged his bedfellow in a downtown lodging-house for persistent snoring.

Dr. Menges, of Dubuque, had stood many a heart-ache and one breach of promise suit, but a German girl's photograph brought down his colors and he went across seas to seek and marry the original.

The flowers are withering, though the woods are bright with autumn hues. The girls are wearing thicker goods. And stouter boots and shoes.

—Boston Courier.

The rare *avis in terra* has been found at Hartford. It's a pure white English sparrow.

A baby in Cincinnati was over five feet high and weighed 150 pounds at birth. He was a giraffe, born at the Zoological Gardens.

It isn't best to try to hurry fortune. A St. Lawrence County youth, though acquitted by a jury, sees other heirs get the property of the grandfather whose demise he expedited by the use of poison.

Money can't save the mind. A snug \$10,000 package was found under a false bottom in the trunk of a crazy suicide at Winona.

The principle of the Trust extends even into the reptile kingdom. A king snake in Georgia was seen to swallow a fellow-king snake, and took only twenty minutes to do it.

The air of luxury is infectious. The head ferret, employed in the hope of ridding the White House of rats, has disappeared, and the theory is that he is abroad after an over-indulgence in the blood of rodents.

There are different ways of remembering the Sabbath day. While a west-end minister was keeping it holy, his son remembered it only to open the side-door of his saloon instead of the front.

Broome County farmers' daughters will hold a tight rein on their husbands. They've just had a second marriage ceremony in quick harnessing and driving at the County Fair.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Col. Cavanaugh, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, is talked of as the possible Tammany candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, in the event of the election of Congressman Frank T. Fitzgerald as Register.

To-night the County Democracy of the Ninth Congressional District will endorse the selection by Tammany Hall of Amos J. Cummings as the successor of the late Congressman S. S. Cox.

James J. Flynn would like to be the County Democracy candidate for Alderman in the Sixteenth District. He is very popular in some of the election districts, notably the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-third.

All that remains of the United Labor party has to be the Legislative Reform party with ballot reform for its war cry. It has already nominated John J. Murphy and John Keegan for the Assembly in the Fifteenth and Seventeenth districts respectively.

The Republicans of Kings County hope to capture four of the twelve representatives in the Assembly from that county this Fall. But two of the districts have been conceded Republicans heretofore. The nominations will be made to-day.

Tammany Hall Assembly conventions will be held in all the districts next Wednesday night and the Aldermanic conventions on the following night. The County Democracy convention for nominating Aldermen and Assemblymen will be scattered through the week at the convenience of the district leaders.

Thomas M. Hart wants to have another try at Assemblyman Hagan as the County Democracy candidate for Assembly in the Gas-House District. He thinks he can be elected this year.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

John B. Day, President of the New York Baseball Club, and Bowler Extraordinary of the New York Athletic Club, intends taking to the club-path next Spring under the tutelage of James E. Sullivan.

While it is said that A. A. Jordan will coach him at the hurdles. At least this is what gossip Dame Rumor has started into active circulation.

R. E. Raymond is President of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club. He is very much in business, or to use an elegant and expressive term, is "stuck" on work. It is a wonder that he takes time enough to ride his "gear," this being the technical term, if you please, for a safety bicycle.

"View" Harvard playing last year on the Harvard football eleven. His advent to Cambridge ought to be hailed with joy by every true son of Harvard, for he taught the students there something of the true science of football, of which heretofore they have been lamentably ignorant. It may be mentioned that Harvard's ultra-sensitive Faculty typically prohibited Harvard from playing the game "because he was too rough"—that is, he played as Princeton and Yale do, and as Harvard must if she is ever to make a decent showing.

WORLDLINGS.

H. M. Kinsey, the Delmonico of Chicago, is a portly gentleman, who shows the visible signs of good living. He began life fifty-five years ago with the proverbial cent, and today owns one of the largest eating establishments in the city.

Mrs. Logan continues to wear her widow's toilet, and looks very attractive in her widow's cap, with a white bow under her chin and a cape val sweeping down her back.

Congressman W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, was a brave soldier in the Confederate army, and was at one time President of the West Virginia University.

Nervous People

Who take Hood's Sarsaparilla earnestly declare: "It gives us complete and permanent control of our nerves." By regulating the digestion it also overcomes dyspepsia and disagreeable feelings in the stomach, more headache and heartburn. By its action on the blood impurities are expelled and the whole body is beautified.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

\$4,000 A DAY WITHOUT WORK.

Death of One of the Noted Oil Region Millionaires.

The death of James M. McCray, at his residence in Franklin, at 12:10 A. M., Oct. 14, was an Oil City letter in the Pittsburgh Dispatch, will bring to the minds of many of the old-timers of the oil regions the recollection of the palmy days of oildom, when money flowed like water and the bootblacks would go down in their clothes, flash their money and offer to bet you \$50 with the utmost nonchalance.

Late in the 60's, about 1868-9, one of the largest wells of the district was struck on the McCray farm, owned by the subject of our sketch. Oil at the time was ranging in price from \$5 to \$7 per barrel, and inside of six months McCray's production was netting him over \$4,000 per day.

Great was the excitement that followed and fabulous amounts were offered for his farm or a lease for a part of it. Having enough ready money for his moderate wants he refused every offer and a sore the bulk of his production in enormous iron tanks, declaring: "I would hold it until it was worth \$10 a barrel," until he had over 200,000 barrels stored in different sections of the country, where it stood unguaranteed and was the prey of every dishonest man in this section.

One party, consisting of three men, tapped his tanks in what is now known as the Third Ward of Oil City, and stole over 60,000 barrels, amounting in value to the sum of at least \$100,000. Owing to the fact that they had substituted water for the oil the loss was not discovered for some time, when they were arrested.

Notwithstanding the fact that their guilt was clearly proven, he allowed them to compromise by paying about a third of what the stolen oil was worth. After refusing several offers of \$5 per barrel for the balance, he finally sold it at a trifle over \$1 per barrel, taking in part payment therefor his present residence in Franklin.

Noted far and near for his generosity and prodigality, it was no wonder that he was the prey of sharpers of every description, but such was his disposition up to the last that no man, worthy or unworthy, was allowed to go away with his wants unsatisfied.

It was a standing saying in this section that when every other means was exhausted to secure a lease from the old gentleman it was only necessary to send some female sharp to him in the guise of a poor widow in distress, and with her tale of woe she would, by working on the old man's sympathy, accomplish what the sharpest business man with plenty of money failed to do.

PRETTY PRINCESS MARGUERITE.

She Will Soon Wed Her First Cousin, the Young Duke of Orleans.

More royal marriages are now much discussed, says a Paris letter to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The latest alliance (though the engagement is not yet officially announced) is that of Prince Baudouin, eldest son of the Count de Flandres, the future King of the Belgians, to the Princess Helene, second daughter of the Count de Paris.

She is quite a pretty girl, and, like all the younger princesses of the Orleans family, she has been highly educated and is very accomplished.

The rumor of the engagement of the Princess Marguerite, the second daughter of the Duke de Chartres, has received indirect confirmation by the appearance in the windows of the photographers' shops of a photograph representing the Princess side by side with her cousin and reported future bridegroom, the young Duke of Orleans, eldest son of the Count de Flandres.

The Princess is the beauty of the Orleans family, and she and the Duke are both of the same age, having been born within a few weeks of each other in 1869.

The marriage is not to take place, it is stated, till the youthful pair shall have attained their majority.

It ought, however, to take place at all. The Orleans family have practised the pernicious royal custom of continuous intermarriage till scrofula and ideos run riot among its younger branches, and this projected alliance will date in the annals of the family as one of the offspring of a marriage between first cousins.

FROM FASHION'S WHIRL.

The daughters of Sir Morell Mackenzie, who captured the Cookham prizes at the regatta race a month ago, have innocently become the admiration and model of the ladies in the various country clubs.

These lovely athletes who row, punt and paddle have sent about for heads in the country clubs, and the pictures are expected in every mail.

The only make-up Mrs. Kendal resorts to is a bit of paint for her ears and Egyptian black for her lashes.

Face veils are now made with a half hoop of fine wire by means of which the dotted net can be squeezed to any sort, size or shape of hat or bonnet, and the wire veils are only made in plain and dotted black net. The price is 50 cents, and the sale enormous.

At first-class canine hotels black and tan are boarded at the rate of \$20 a month, and Skye at \$25, the extra charge being for combine. Toy terriers are asked to raise as boy babies, and the owners of the precious little brutes pay at the rate of \$1 for board and berth.

Fashionable ladies carry coney to the extent of having bonnet pins tipped with animals' heads. Grinning monkeys, open-mouthed lions, dogs with grinning snarls, whiskered cats and beautifully chased horses are a few of the conceits in pin-heads.

And now for flower-tinted handkerchiefs of silk bolting cloth. Price \$7. How many do you want?

STOLEN RHYMES.

October Pleasances.

Soon to the woods the maid will go  
The tried Autumn leaves to gather.  
Of course accompanied by her beau—  
Oh! he is sweet like autumn weather.

How many lovers have confessed:  
How many dainty waists are pressed  
Against the bosom of the sweetest?  
See how they to each other cling!  
Can aught these loving hearts discover!  
To keep his little love from being sad?  
If he could thus go on forever.

To soon, alas! the dream will fade,  
Too soon will come the husband's labor  
To keep his little love from being sad.  
As dainties are his neighbor's.

—Boston Courier.

The Lost Novel.

Alas! my summer novel—  
I thought it was a myth.  
The day I rashly bought it,  
I bought a book that was a myth.

Forthwith the book he borrowed,  
To be returned that night.  
And now he has it in his hand,  
He is as blest as my night.

He lent it to his cousin,  
And she lent it to a neighbor,  
Who kept it on the go;  
And lent it to her uncle,  
Who lent it to her teacher,  
Who lent it to her friend,  
Who lent it to her maid,  
Who lent it to her dog,  
Who lent it to her cat,  
Who lent it to her pig,  
Who lent it to her cow,  
Who lent it to her horse,  
Who lent it to her sheep,  
Who lent it to her goat,  
Who lent it to her chicken,  
Who lent it to her turkey,  
Who lent it to her duck,  
Who lent it to her goose,  
Who lent it to her swan,  
Who lent it to her peacock,  
Who lent it to her parrot,  
Who lent it to her canary,  
Who lent it to her goldfish,  
Who lent it to her turtle,  
Who lent it to her snake,  
Who lent it to her spider,  
Who lent it to her fly,  
Who lent it to her bee,  
Who lent it to her ant,  
Who lent it to her wasp,  
Who lent it to her hornet,  
Who lent it to her scorpion,  
Who lent it to her centipede,  
Who lent it to her millipede,  
Who lent it to her caterpillar,  
Who lent it to her grasshopper,  
Who lent it to her cricket,  
Who lent it to her locust,  
Who lent it to her grasshopper,  
Who lent it to her cricket,  
Who lent it to her locust,

—Boston Traveler.

Blue as a farmer's antique overalls

The golden day waxes to a purple hush,  
The shaggy raper up the button bells,  
While crickets chirp along the old stone walls,  
And drops of dew like tears upon the grass,  
Upon the tangle of ivy leaves,  
The nightingale will be screaming in the folds,  
While night in darkness all the scene unfolds,  
And now the farmer laid appears, care-free,  
For red tail like upon the fence he looks,  
And with a hay-rake agitates the cow,  
—R. W. Winkler, in the Mobile Register.

THE REGULAR USE OF MONELL'S TARTING CORNED during teething averts the diarrhoea. 25 cents.

## WITH PEN AND GUN.

Amateur Sportsmen Tell of Wonderful Exploits in the Hunt.

Energetic Competitors for "The Evening World's" Prize.

Experiences that Range from Squirrel to Panther Hunting.

Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting contest as a timely and interesting feature. The fish story created a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gun will prove no less entertaining. The prize—a double gold eagle—will be given for the best hunting story submitted.

Judge Henry A. Gilderstein, who is a great hunter himself, has consented to act as judge and award the prize.

They may be as short as the authors desire, but must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Hunting Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Nimrod.

Two Remarkable Shots.

To the Editor:

The following happened at Springville, Erie County, N. Y.:

I was hunting ruffed grouse. The foliage was very thick. My setter Dick ran a gray squirrel up a densely thick foliated maple tree. The squirrel sat on a limb in plain sight. I fired at him, and down he came dead.

While I was shipping another shell in my gun another gray squirrel fell dead at my feet. I could not see the squirrel after he went up in among the leaves, but I saw him fall and saw the squirrel fall straight up even with the body of the tree to see if I could find him out.

I saw him fall and saw the squirrel fall straight up even with the body of the tree to see if I could find him out. I saw him fall and saw the squirrel fall straight up even with the body of the tree to see if I could find him out.

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